

Koluskap Naka Wocawson (Koluskap and the Wind-maker)



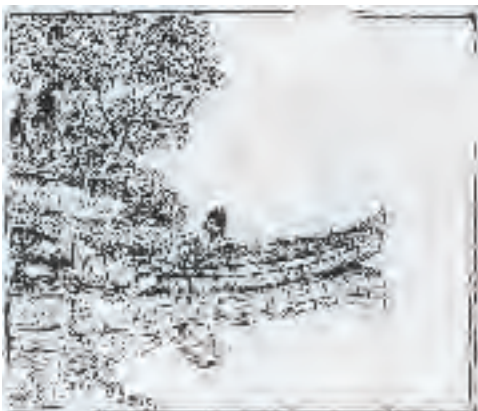
The Indians believe in a great bird. They call him Wocawson, the wind-maker. He lives far north; there he sits on top of a big rock where the clouds end. Whenever he moves his wings, the wind begins to blow. At that time when Koluskap still went around among men, often he too would go paddling in his canoe, hunting birds.

Once, long ago, the wind blew every day; it blew strongly. More and more the wind blew, until at last it gusted and brought on a storm. Koluskap could not travel about by canoe. He said, “Wocawson, this big bird who lives in the north, he is the one who is doing this.”

He searches for him. He has to go very far before he finds him. He finds him sitting on a big rock—a huge white bird. He says to him, “Grandfather, do you not have pity for your grandchildren? You are the one who has made the bad weather, the wind, the gusts. You move your wings too much.”

In spite of this the big bird continues yawning. “I was here at the very beginning. In the distant days, before anyone spoke, I was the first one to be heard. I was the first to move my wings. And I will continue to move them as I please!”

At that point, Koluskap gets up. He is so powerful, he grows to the height of the clouds. He picks up this huge bird as if he were a duck. He holds him by both wings and throws him down into a crack between two rocks. There he leaves him.



From that time on, the Indians could travel about, all day long. It was always calm—for days, weeks, and months—until at last the water became foamy with stagnation. So thick was it that Koluskap could not paddle his canoe.

And then he remembered the great bird: he set out; he went to see him again. He found him just as he had left him, for Wocawson lives forever. He lifted him up, put him back again on the rock, and opened one of his wings. From that time on, it was not quite as windy as long ago.